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THE AMERICAN RED CROSS MAGAZINE

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

FOUNDED TO AID IN THE PREVENTION AND ALLEVIATION OF HUMAN SUFFERING IN TIMES OF WAR AND PEACE

MARCH 1915

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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The American Red Cross Magazine

EDITED BY AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM

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"AT A CERTAIN STATION ON THE LINE FROM THE FRONT TO THE BASE HOSPITAL"

Beneath this sketch from life in the *Illustrated London News*, reproduced here by special permission, appeared the title just quoted and also the following tribute: "The Very Efficient American Red Cross at Work. With characteristic thoroughness, and an efficiency and a care for detail which are due to a highly intelligent anticipation of the necessities of the situation, the American Red Cross is doing splendid service in the Great War."

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AMERICAN RED CROSS RESULTS IN THE EUROPEAN WAR ZONE

By JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN

I HAVE just returned from Europe upon a mission which peculiarly has touched the hearts of the people at war. I acted as the representative of the Christmas Ship Movement inaugurated by the Chicago Herald, a movement which was successfully accomplished in consequence of the generosity of the children of America saddened by the prospect of a gloomy Christmas for the orphans of the war, and by the aid given by the Government of the United States and by the American Red Cross. The Christmas ship constituted an excellent vehicle for a tour of Europe, and enabled me particularly to ascertain the actual results of American Charity toward the unfortunate sufferers of the terrible struggle in progress, and, above all, of the operations of the American Red Cross units.

Harris & Ewing Photo
MR. JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN

I saw these units laboring in Austro-Hungary and Germany. I heard of what they had done and were doing in England and France. It is possible for me, therefore, to speak with more or less authority upon this feature of the humanitarian work which the People of America, through the American Red Cross, are doing.

GENERATING GOOD WILL

It is to me, and must be to every American, a matter of satisfaction that the Red Cross units have established for themselves a high position in each of the belligerent countries. They have become centers from which radiate good will and friendship. The wounded and the diseased who have been cured at these institutions have gone forth to serve as missionaries of good relations between their own countries and the United States. There is not a man cared for in one of the American Red Cross Hospitals who has failed to testify to the excellent treatment he received, the kindliness of the physicians and the nurses, and the skill they displayed in attending to his needs.

At Vienna a commodious school house has been transformed into the American Red Cross Hospital. The wounded when first brought to the hospital, are taken to a ground floor room where their heads are shaved in order to ged rid of the vermin, which is one of the curses of life in the trenches. Then they are placed in hot baths, the first most of them have had in weeks and months. When thoroughly cleaned they are carried to a ward where

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THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL, IN PARIS, WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN $25,000 BY THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

they are examined, or directly to the operating table, in case their wounds call for the immediate use of the knife.

A MAN TRANSFORMED

I followed one man from the time of his entrance until he was safely tucked in bed. I shall never forget the miserable object slumping in the barber's chair and the same object transformed into a man with a smiling face when he lay comfortably upon the cot assigned to him.

The hospital in Vienna is well equipped, the Austro-Hungarian Government having furnished various up-to-date instruments in order to complete the supply brought by the Unit from America. Both the doctors and the nurses have pleasant quarters. They are manifesting deep interest in their work and are deriving the satisfaction of succoring the wounded while at the same time performing a patriotic service for their country.

In Budapest there are 42,000 beds for the wounded. The American Red Cross Unit is making a position for itself in that city and has its supply of wounded to look after. In Budapest, I heard a great many compliments paid to Dr. Ryan, in charge of American Red Cross Unit Number One, in Servia. The Servians express deep gratitude to Dr. Ryan, believing that as a result of his intervention the looting of Belgrade was prevented at the time of its occupation. They also speak highly of what Dr. Ryan has done in

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GERMAN WAR ORPHANS IN LINE OUTSIDE A RED CROSS SOUP KITCHEN IN BERLIN

caring for their wounded—and there is need for such care in their mountainous land which already has suffered three separate and distinct invasions.

GRATITUDE IS EXPRESSED

In Munich I found a splendid American Red Cross corps installed in a large house under the charge of Dr. Franz Jung and his efficient wife. The nurses were neat and capable, as indeed were all those I saw in the Units in Europe. Dr. Jung was good enough to take me through the hospital. He had set aside a large room for the convalescents, who were amused and instructed with lectures, stereopticons, and the like. In this hospital were a great many soldiers who had won the Iron Cross. All the wounded displayed a keen anxiety to return to the front, in spite of the hardships and the prospect of death which it entailed.

Throughout Germany intense gratitude is felt for the hospital work of the American Red Cross. Exactly the same feeling is manifested in England and in France.

SHOULD CONCENTRATE RELIEF

I feel from what I have seen of the National American Red Cross work in Europe that every American, and especially those who contributed to the American Red Cross Fund, can point with real pride to what has been and is being accomplished. Thousands of young fellows who have been wounded on the battlefield, or who have suffered from disease, are today well and strong as a result of the treatment they received from our units.

The American Red Cross has a high reputation throughout Europe for humanity, for efficiency, and for neutrality. To my mind the relief work being done by the United States should be placed entirely in charge of this organization. Thereby better results could be obtained than is possible from the individual and more or less haphazard methods which are being pursued.

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MR. IRVING T. BUSH

Of Brooklyn, President of the Bush Terminal Company, who has given large and very valuable space for the assembling of Red Cross European war relief stores (*see Humanity's Clearing House*)

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HUMANITY'S CLEARING HOUSE

THE STORY OF THE BUSH TERMINAL, BROOKLYN, WHERE THE MILLIONS OF DONATIONS FOR RED CROSS EUROPEAN RELIEF WORK ARE ASSEMBLED, ASSORTED AND DISPATCHED

By Helen F. Draper
SECRETARY OF THE NEW YORK COUNTY RED CROSS CHAPTER

MMEDIATELY after the outbreak of the present European War, it became necessary for the New York County Chapter to assume the responsibility of receiving and storing goods to be shipped from New York by the Steamship "Red Cross," and to be prepared also to receive and ship other supplies abroad. It was therefore imperative that we should secure adequate space to receive donations and supplies. When the Washington office directed the New York office to take this responsibility, we turned to our good friend of long standng, Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, and presented our problem to him. He offered to take charge of this matter and, within half an hour, he telephoned the office to say that he had arranged, through Mr. Irving T. Bush, president of the Bush Terminal, in Brooklyn, to have these supplies received for the Red Cross at the Bush Terminal, free of expense, for a period of one month. As the need for this shipping station continued, Mr. Bush very generously renewed his permission for the use of the warehouse from month to month.

I had been requested to make a report on the Bush Terminal at the annual Red Cross meeting in Washington. Much to my surprise and pleasure, I met Mr. Bush in the hotel dining room where luncheon was being served to the delegates, and I was able to persuade him at that time to attend the afternoon session of our meeting. There, in connection with the report which I presented, Mr. Bush, in a few words, most graciously expressed his appreciation of the work the American Red Cross was doing, and his willingness to continue his generous co-operation by allowing the Red Cross to use the storage space for as long as he could make it available for that purpose.

Assembling Point for America

At the Bush Terminal the Red Cross has, at the present time, one complete floor in an immense building, where, at this writing, there are piled up hundreds of cases and bales of hospital garments and supplies that have been sent from all over the United States to be shipped to the sufferers abroad. The donations that are coming in at the rate of many tons a week consist of hospital garments and supplies, so beautifully made and of such splendid quality, that they reflect great credit on the donors, and make us proud of the work for relief being done by the American women.

On the first day of February, 498 cases and miscellaneous packages were received which, as a sample day, gives some idea of the work that is being done. The goods are received, sorted and repacked, when necessary, and shipped, by a staff of twenty or more men. The cases received from our chapters and regular contributors are not opened and repacked, inasmuch as careful instructions given by the superintendent in charge at the Terminal have been followed out in connection with the packing and shipping of these goods.

Only a small number of those employed are paid by the American Red Cross. A generous friend of the New York County Chapter contributes the larger part of the salaries, which amount to something over $600 a month.

At the end of each week a detailed statement of all goods then at the Receiving Station is sent to our Washington headquarters, and orders for ship-

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RED CROSS EUROPEAN WAR RELIEF STORES

Boxes of hospital and non-combatant relief supplies and bales of absorbent cotton—collected at the Bush Terminal by the American Red Cross—awaiting shipment

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ment are returned to the New York office from there. These shipments are made impartially, of course, to all of the countries at war, and to where the need seems to be the greatest. At the Terminal, the floor is divided into sections which are devoted to the contributions designated for the various countries. Here one may see the signs "Germany," "Austria," "England," "France," "Russia," "Servia," and, in fact, the names of all the warring countries conspicuously displayed, and underneath these signs donations that have come specially designated. The goods are moved as rapidly as possible through the kindly volunteered assistance of Mr. W. W. Jefferies and Mr. David Lindsay, of the International Mercantile Marine of New York.

SUGGESTIONS TO DONORS

In connection with the shipping, may I make a few practical suggestions? Although it is not necessary to send donations in special cases, yet it is very helpful to receive goods in boxes approximating the standard that we have adopted. If the cases are made specially, they should be 22½ x 24 x 30 inches inside measurements, made of ⅝-inch lumber with the ends paneled with ¾-inch material. Such cases are the best to handle, and are strong enough to stand export. All donations should be sent, carriage paid, to the American Red Cross, Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, with the contents carefully marked on the outside.

Articles such as socks, wristlets, pajamas, etc., should be pinned or tied together in pairs. Do not include any personal letter or messages, as even the simplest greeting might possibly be misunderstood. Undesignated contributions are of the most value, as they can be sent where the need is greatest and when shipping space on the outgoing vessels can be secured. If, however, the cases are marked for special countries, they will, without fail, be sent as requested. We cannot, however, promise delivery to individuals, or to small towns. Because of the splendid organization of the American Relief Clearing House in Paris, special destinations in France can be reached more easily at the present time than in any other country. We ask shippers always to write when the goods are leaving, that we may be on the lookout for these particular donations.

BLIND WOMAN KNITS

I wish it were possible to speak in detail of what is being accomplished by the Chapters and Branches, and all the various societies and individuals who are doing so much for the Red Cross. Poor children, girls in our larger boarding schools, organizations and societies of all kinds, and even one old lady of eighty-five in Massachusetts, are all working diligently to relieve the suffering abroad. A letter accompanying some very acceptable garments from Troy, New York, says: "A good many pairs of the wristlets we have received are rather poorly knitted—stitches d r o p p e d and then mended. The reason for this is that a blind lady, with a big heart and much enthusiasm, has got a good deal of comfort out of helping, so we pick up the stitches, and send on the wristlets."

It may seem ungracious to mention special contributions considering what is being done everywhere, but a contribution from a lady in Manchester-by-the Sea, Mass., struck us with special delight. All articles of one kind were tied in separate packages; these packages all wrapped with fresh, heavy brown paper and special tape, marked always in three languages—English, French, and German.

Mention should also be made of 59 cases of garments and hospital supplies and one stretcher, shipped to us October 2 by the American Red Cross Chapter in Los Angeles, as the result of a "Garment of Love Movement in Memory of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson." Anti-Suffrage societies from many parts of the country have joined in the Red Cross work and are sending their contributions to the Terminal. A recent letter from the Public Interests' League of the Massachusetts Anti-Suffrage Association announcing the shipment of their 135th box, is also worthy of special note. This particular Association is one of our very largest, single contributors, and their garments and supplies are of remarkable quality and of very great value.

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EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BUSH TERMINAL, BROOKLYN, TAKEN FROM AN AIRSHIP

Graduate and student nurses in several cities are making sterile surgical dressings and sending them to the Red Cross for shipment, and these, of course, are of very high standard. Furthermore, large consignments are coming from several churches in New York, where in squads of 200 or more the men out of work are given 50 cents a day and a meal, in return for which they give five hours of hard, earnest work in making hospital supplies.

NEUTRALITY EVER MANIFEST

The Hartford Chapter of the Red Cross has sent nearly 100 cases, with such spirit of neutrality that the Chairman of their War Relief Committee, writing under date of February 1, apologizes for the request that for the first time one special case be sent to a particular friend in France. In fact, the spirit of neutrality shown by almost all the letters proves how clearly those who are working for the Red Cross have caught its underlying principles of service for all mankind, irrespective of nationality, or cause, or creed. Almost always when contributions are specially designated, the request is followed by the statement that if, in our judgment, it would be best to send elsewhere, the donors are quite willing to leave the distribution to our discretion.

The work of the Red Cross Stations connected with the Wanamaker stores in New York and Philadelphia, and other large department stores throughout the country, has yielded splendid results in the supply of hospital garments, and because of the expert service rendered in the packing before sending to the Terminal has lessened the work for our own employees. This has proved a splendid addition to our Red Cross activity.

SPECIAL GIFT OF CHLOROFORM

I cannot close this article without special mention of a donation that has just been announced. Miss Kate Fow-

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ler of Pasadena, California, through the American Red Cross Chapter at that place, has sent to the Bush Terminal 10,000 pounds of chloroform to be shipped abroad. When we think of the infinite pain that this single gift will alleviate, and the far-reaching effects of its administration, we rejoice that it is in the power of a single individual to render such a service to mankind.

Without the facilities at the Terminal placed at its disposal, through the generosity of Mr. Bush, the New York County Chapter would have been unable to meet the demands of the situation in receiving and forwarding the many thousands of cases sent for distribution abroad by the American Red Cross.

NOT A BAD COMBINATION

Dr. M. J. Shields, an American Red Cross staff physician, who is in charge of one of the Red Cross railroad first aid and accident prevention cars which is touring the country the year round giving free demonstrations for railroad, factory, mill and mine workers, etc., once found his car placed beside a Baptist gospel car. It developed that Dr. Shield's lecture and that of the home missionary were scheduled for approximately the same time.

"Why not make a joint meeting of it," proposed the minister. "You're saving lives and I'm saving souls."

The Doctor agreed, of course, and for a time it was an Alphonse and Gaston affair as to who should speak first. The itinerant minister eventually was persuaded to lead off. Dr. Shields followed with his talk and demonstrations. And it is safe to say that the large, mixed audience of workmen and their families received much food for thought as well as some entertainment.

A CASE OF IMPARTIALITY?

Once in a while it is hard for the Red Cross to be impartial. For instance: Our New York Chapter recently received from a Middle Western woman a muffler as a European war relief donation. Pinned to it was a note of instructions—very pointed instructions—to the effect that it should be "distributed among" wounded soldiers of a certain country, of another country and of still another country.

It was positively necessary to discriminate against two of the nations mentioned and not cut the muffler into useless bits.

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WHEN BELGRADE WAS EVACUATED

By EDWARD W. RYAN, M. D.

Of the American Red Cross European Force

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*One of the most graphic letters that has come to American Red Cross headqaurters from the front since the outbreak of the European war has just been received from Dr. Edward W. Ryan, surgeon director of the American Red Cross hospital unit, consisting of three surgeons and twelve enrolled Red Cross trained nurses, which has been located in Belgrade, the Servian Capital, for some time. He tells how at 2 o'clock one morning he was advised by the Servian authorities that they were about to evacute their Capital, because of the Austrian siege, and would leave him in charge of all the hospitals in the city. The picture of conditions he paints is very vivid. At one time he and his assistants had 3,000 patients in their care, many of them with frozen hands and feet. A large number of these wounded had not had even the first dressing. With but few exceptions the wounds are infected. The letter is dated at Nish, December 26, where Dr. Ryan had gone at the request of the American Minister at Bucharest, the Minister going to Nish to meet him and hear of the conditions in Belgrade.*

I HAVE been director of all of the hospitals in Belgrade since November 25, and have under my care five hospitals with about 40 buildings, including laundries, kitchens, offices, etc., with about 9 Servian doctors and 150 nurses, and about 1,200 patients. I also had the insane hospital and the civil, surgical and medical hospitals.

When the Servians evacuated Belgrade they turned everything over to me. When you think that they came to me at 2 o'clock in the morning and said they were all going away and I was supposed to remain and take charge of all the hospitals, you can imagine my feelings. I did the best I could for and with them. When the Austrians came in the non-combatant Servians all came to me for food. I had to get bread for about 6,000 poor people every day, some of which I bought, but the greater part of which was given to me by the Austrians.

When the Servian troops left they took with them about 200 of our patients, leaving 100 behind. Five days after the Austrians arrived I had 3,000 patients, all very seriously wounded and many with frozen hands and feet that necessitated amputation. Many of them had been on the road six or seven days before we got them and many did not even have the first dressing.

HANDLES 6,000 WOUNDED

Before the Servians retook Belgrade 6,000 wounded passed through my hands. As it was impossible to handle them, I told the Austrians they would have to send them into the interior of Hungary, which they did. When they left they took with them all of their wounded with the exception of 514, which I still have. In the hospital where we live we have along with the 514 Austrians, about 250 Servians. From this short story you can see that we have been, and are still, very busy, but are doing our best.

The Servians are very grateful, and when you remember that they have about 60,000 wounded of their own, every little helps. The other two units have arrived at Gengli. I believe they will be located in a large hospital which the Servians are about to open there—with about 2,000 beds.

The head of the Servian Red Cross

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SERVIAN RED CROSS AT WORK IN THE FIELD

has sent for me and I will see him today and no doubt he will bring up the question of material, which has been a very serious one here. I will also, at that time, find out about the other two units and see just where they will be definitely located. I have the bill of lading but the material sent has not arrived at Nish yet.

Major Ford and Captain McIntyre called on me during the Austrian occupation, but as they arrived only a day or two before the Servians came back I did not see much of them.

I am leaving for Belgrade again tomorrow. While I am away, a former director of all the hospitals at Belgrade is in charge, at the request of the Servian officials at that place.

ORDERS NURSES TO REST

Everybody in our unit has been working hard, especially the nurses. I have arranged, on my own initiative, for better and more food for the nurses, and now that I have seen what this terrible struggle means, I will be sure that they will not be overworked and, as heretofore, their health will be my principal concern. I have ordered them to take an afternoon off each week, and one hour after lunch they must be out in the fresh air and sunshine. This is absolutely necessary, as the odors from the terrible infections these poor fellows have are enough to knock you down. Nearly everybody is infected when they reach us, so you can imagine what a terrible thing it is.

I hope you will approve of my action regarding the nurses, and I know you will understand the conditions, even though I cannot paint the terrible picture that presents itself to us at Belgrade.

America and the American Red Cross will go down in Servian history and I am sure that they will occupy the most prominent page in the history of the evacuation and reoccupation of Belgrade. It gives you a funny little feeling in your throat when you hear them giving "vivas" for the American Red Cross as you pass along the street.

Yesterday the Crown Prince thanked the American Red Cross and myself for what we have done for his people during the Austrian occupation.

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MR. ERNEST P. BICKNELL

National Director of the American Red Cross, whose services have been loaned to the Rockefeller Foundation to aid in the Rehabilitation of Europe's devastated war territory

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Poland Suffers Unspeakably

Certain Sections Have Been Crossed Six Times by the Contending Armies. Red Cross Workers in Germany Are Acquitting Themselves Splendidly.

By Ernest P. Bicknell

National Director of the American Red Cross; Member Rockefeller Foundation European Relief Commission

Editor's Note.—*The services of Mr. Bicknell, the National Director of the American Red Cross, have been loaned to the Rockefeller Foundation to aid that institution in its efforts to solve the stupendous problem of rehabilitation throughout the vast region of Europe which has been devastated in the present war. He is the second member of a special commission of three, the Chairman of which is Dr. Wycliffe Rose. The third member is Henry James, jr. The commission lately have been in nearly all of the belligerent countries. The following are extracts from an unofficial letter, dated in Berlin, January 11, from Mr. Bicknell to Miss Mabel T. Boardman, of the Executive Committee of the American Red Cross.*

I AM delighted to find that our two American Red Cross Hospital units in Germany are making an extremely enviable reputation. Their small hospitals are about thirty or forty miles from the firing line in Poland, and the result is that a stream of wounded men in all conditions of neglect pours into their hospitals day by day. Our surgeons have done so well that it is now an accepted custom to send to them the most desperate cases for surgical care. Recently Dr. Spearman, one of the surgeons at Gleiwitz, performed successfully the removal of a bullet from a man's brain, which is regarded as remarkable in every way.

Here in Berlin we are informed that conditions among the population in that part of Russian Poland which has been overrun by fighting during the last five months are as bad as those in Belgium, if not worse.

Poland is so far in the interior and so distant from the ordinary sources of war news, that her story has not been given the prominence that it is said to deserve. The German authorities here express the greatest anxiety that we shall go into Poland and see the situation ourselves, with a view possibly to undertaking some measures of relief. We are now waiting for the completion of arrangements which will give us the necessary authority to travel in this part of Poland. We hope to leave here tomorrow for that region.

Large Cities Without Bread

We are told that the city of Lodz and the city of Sosnowice, with its surrounding industrial population, are much of the time without any bread whatever. The population of Lodz is about 500,000 and Sosnowice and surroundings about 300,000. The people are living on a small supply of potatoes which have been given from the surrounding farming country and have been able to purchase small quantities of rye flour from the German army of occupation.

Certain sections of Poland have been crossed six times by the fighting armies as they have moved back and forth with the varying tides of war. It seems that the country has been swept completely clear of horses, cattle and animals of all kinds, and has almost been denuded of all kinds of foodstuffs.

I have discussed with Professor Kimle

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THE INTERIOR OF A THEATRE AT GLEIWITZ, SOUTHEAST GERMANY, CONVERTED INTO A HOSPITAL BY AMERICAN RED CROSS SURGEONS AND NURSES WHO MAY BE SEEN IN THIS PICTURE

(Secretary of the German Red Cross), the work and needs of the Prisoners' Bureau, operated at Geneva by the International Red Cross Committee. Early in the war the International Committee sent a request to the Red Cross societies in the countries involved in the war, asking them to contribute to the support of this Bureau. The German Red Cross contributed 5,000 marks. Since then the German Red Cross has received no further request and has sent no more money. Professor Kimle feels that the work which the Prisoners' Bureau is doing is important, and that it is well done and should be adequately supported.

METHODS OF PRISONERS' BUREAU

The theory of the Prisoners' Bureau is that each country engaged in war will send weekly a list of all the prisoners which it has taken during the preceding week. The Prisoners' Bureau is expected to receive these lists, to properly enter and classify them, and to send lists to the countries from which the prisoners were taken. Thus Germany each week would send a list of all the prisoners taken that week from all of its enemy's forces. The Prisoners' Bureau would then be expected to send to Russia a list of Russian prisoners taken by Germany, to France a list of the French prisoners, and so on.

Recently, England and Germany have begun exchanging lists directly through an office which they have established in Amsterdam, and Germany and Russia have arranged for a direct exchange through an office in Sweden. These short-cut arrangements naturally detract from the importance of the Prisoners' Bureau at Geneva and also tend to confuse the situation. It seems a pity that one great central clearing house could not have been recognized and used regularly by all the countries."

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THE ARMY OF THE DEAD

BY BARRY PAIN

In Westminster *Gazette*

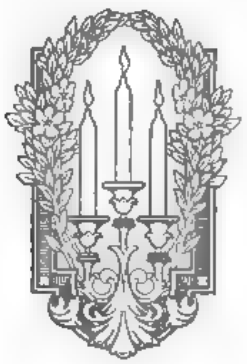
I dreamed that overhead
I saw in the twilight grey
The Army of the Dead
Marching upon its way,
So still and passionless,
With faces so serene,
That scarcely could one guess
Such men in war had been.

No mark of hurt they bore,
Nor smoke, nor bloody stain;
Nor suffered any more
Famine, fatigue, or pain;
Nor any lust of hate
Now lingered in their eyes—
Who have fulfilled their fate
Have lost all enmities.

A new and greater pride
So quenched the pride of race
That foes marched side by side
Who once fought face to face.
That ghostly army's plan
Knows but one race, one rod—
All nations there are Man,
And the one King is God.

No longer on their ears
The bugle's summons falls;
Beyond these tangled spheres
The Archangel's trumpet calls;
And by that trumpet led
Far up the exalted sky
The Army of the Dead
Goes by, and still goes by—

Look upward, standing mute!
Salute!



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WHERE WAR'S HARROW WENT DEEP

(Written Especially for the American Red Cross)

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Mr Blythe is an institution in the United States—a potent force as an author and as a writer on national and international subjects in the Saturday Evening Post. Like that other literary star on the Post's staff, Irvin S. Cobb, Mr. Blythe, who has been through the European war zone, has generously contributed a special article for the American Red Cross as a means of stimulating interest in the tremendous relief work abroad.*

A MAN sat on the deck of the steamer "Amsterdam" holding tightly to his chest a bundle made up of three umbrellas and two walking sticks tied around with a cotton string. We were coming from Antwerp to England.

He was a thin man, and a pale man, and a dirty man, and a tired man. His scanty whiskers were matted. His eyes were shot with blood. He seemed in constant terror. He started apprehensively from time to time, looked around, and then sank back dejectedly. But all the time he hugged his three umbrellas and his two walking sticks.

There was a priest on board—a tall, grave man, who had been a professor in some school at Brussels. I had been talking with him, and he had asked me to walk along the deck with him and see the wretched crowd that filled every open space on the boat. The priest could talk in Flemish, and we stopped, here and there, while he spoke a few cheerful words to some woman or some particularly disconsolate man.

"Ask him why he hugs those umbrellas," I said to the priest as we came to the Belgian with the bundle clasped to him.

WHEN INVADERS CAME

We paused, and the priest talked a few moments with the refugee. "Those are all he has," the priest told me. "Those are all he saved when the Germans came He lived in a village near Termonde. One morning the invaders arrived. They burned the village. They laid the countryside waste. They killed some of his neighbors. He escaped. He was frightened. He is frightened yet. He

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Wash., D. C.

MR. SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

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AN OSTEND FISHING SMACK LOADED TO THE GUNWALES WITH WOMEN, CHILDREN, AND OLD MEN, BOUND FOR DOVER. NOTE THE YOUNG GIRL TO THE LEFT WHO IS SMILING. IN PLACES OF INDESCRIBABLE MISERY THE APPEARANCE OF A PHOTOGRAPHER WILL PROVOKE A LAUGH OR A GRIMACE. THE LAUGHING GIRL DOES NOT KNOW WHERE HER NEXT MEAL IS TO COME FROM

took these pathetic belongings, and he has carried them with him ever since. They are all he has left—all. Everything else is gone. He wandered about until he came to Antwerp, and they put him on this ship to send him to England. He cannot fight. He is lame. He gibbers when he tells of the terrors of the past two weeks. His wife is lost. His children are scattered. Perhaps they are dead. All he has left in this world is his umbrellas and his walking sticks. There are thousands like him."

Did you ever look into the eyes of a frightened dog? Or see terror in the eyes of a horse? If you have you know the expression in the eyes of those Belgians who were being taken to England. If you have you know what dumb horror means. There were almost 600 refugees on that ship, and there had been thousands before them, and were thousands after them.

They all had the same story. They all told it stolidly, unemotionally, with dull precision, all except the children, who hung close to their mothers, equally horror-stricken, equally tired and travel-stained, but not knowing what had happened. Nor, indeed, did many of these women or the men know what had happened. They were living their usual lives in their villages and on their farms. Suddenly strange men appeared. There was shooting. Soldiers rushed back and forth through their streets. Houses crumbled before artillery fire and burned. Neighbors were killed. They were told to hurry away. They took what they could of their poor belongings, tied them in towels or in sheets and went. They walked and walked. They slept in the hedgerows and in the fields. They were drenched by rain. They had little food. Finally, tired and hungry, they reached other men in uniforms who were kind to them, and now they were on this boat, going somewhere. They didn't know where. They didn't know why. They knew nothing, save that a sudden flame of death and destruction had swept over their homes, and that, after much suffering and much pain, they were herded on the decks of a ship on their way to a foreign land.

"What have I done?" a woman asked,

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THE BURGOMASTER OF A BELGIAN CITY ENGAGED IN RED CROSS WORK

a woman with five children, one but a few months old. She sat on a bundle tied in a sheet. She was thin and pale, but she was as unemotional as if she had been a wooden woman.

"WHAT HAVE I DONE?"

"What have I done?" she moaned repeatedly. "What have I done?"

"Where is your husband?" the priest asked her.

"I do not know."

"Where did you live?"

"I do not know."

"What happened to you?"

"I do not know."

"You see," said the priest to me. "These poor creatures are in absolute ignorance as to what has happened and what is happening. They do not know."

As we started along the deck the woman reached out her hand timidly and caught the skirt of the long coat the priest wore. He stopped and turned to her.

"Father," she said, "what have I done?"

That is the universal question in Belgium. There are many thousand refugees from that harried country in England, and many more are coming. Mostly they are women and children, although men come, too—men who might, it seems, be in the army. There are old men and boys. There are old women, and young women, and hundreds, thousands, of children. They are mostly of the peasant class. They have nothing left save the bundles they carry. They have been coming into London by way of Folkestone and Charing Cross and by way of Tilbury and Liverpool Street.

A "DARK AND BLOODY GROUND"

It happened that I went over to Antwerp along late in September, and on the boat returning to England there were five or six hundred refugees, principally from the former villages near Antwerp. I said former villages, for almost every village in this vicinity, or, indeed, in practically every part of Belgium is a former village. This widespread destruction left the people to be cared for.

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GERMAN RED CROSS USING SLEDGE AMBULANCES IN THE WINTER CAMPAIGN

There was no place to care for them in Belgium, for all Belgium is a dark and bloody ground that has already been fought over time and again, and will be fought over many times more before this war is ended.

Less than two months before my visit this was a peaceful and prosperous country, so thickly populated that it was almost all one village, with a people who had not the slightest idea of what was in store for them. Today it is a desolated region, where a burned or cannon-crumbled hamlet excites no remark, and where dead men are so common and so numerous that death seems an incident of every minute of every hour. If the few remaining non-combatants chance on a killed German, or a killed Belgian, or a killed civilian there is no speculation as to how he died, no inquest, no inquiry. If spades are at hand the peasants dig a shallow grave or a trench if there are many of the dead men, push the body or the bodies in, throw the earth over them, and take it all as a part of the circumstance of war.

In seven weeks this happy country was devastated beyond conception. It isn't a civilized state. It is a place where there is no law save the law of the sword, a place where human life counts for nothing, where human misery finds no sympathy, where humanity is staggering under terrors that are too horrible for description, and where desolation, destruction, and death have ravaged a whole people. There were about seven and a half millions of people in Belgium, living in a country somewhat smaller than the State of Maryland, where the population in 1910 was less than a million and a half. From the American view Maryland is rather a thickly settled state. Crowd into Maryland six millions more of people and you will have an idea of the congested condition of that kingdom when the war began.

LAND IS LEFT A WASTE

Belgium didn't want war. What Belgium wanted was peace. It was a prosperous country. The people are abnormally thrifty. They save in every possible way. But Belgium got war, got war that, before it had lasted four months had ruined and blackened the whole territory of Belgium, and that has already killed many thousands of her young men and driven thousands upon thousands of her people to foreign countries for refuge.

Since European wars began Belgium has been fought over. Armies have marched back and forth across her fer-

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tile fields and drenched the streets of her peaceful villages with blood. The little kingdom has been the sport of Mars. But now, in this war, Belgium faces destruction, except the elimination of her actual ground. The land will be left, probably, but, if the war continues for a long time, that is about all that will be left. Or if Germany should win the war, then Belgium will probably cease to be an independent kingdom, or will become a Germanized principality, with a pretense of independence, but in reality in German control. If the Allies win the first demand will be for payment to Belgium for her losses, but there isn't enough money in the world to pay Belgium for what Belgium has suffered and will suffer. It is the most luckless little country on the face of this globe.

BRITISH RED CROSS ACTIVITIES

In a handsome tribute to the work of the British Red Cross Society in the European war, the London Times shows that to the middle of January it had placed 764 nurses, 7,932 orderlies and 900 motor ambulances in the field. It has 25 motor cars employed in the distribution of Red Cross stores, 16 motor soup-kitchens providing hot and suitable beverages for the wounded at the field hospitals, and over 15,000 cases of Red Cross stores have been despatched from the main warehouse at 83, Pall-Mall, and 737,000 garments have been supplied to wounded soldiers.

"It is a noble record," says the Times, "and one of which those associated with the organization may be justly proud; yet infinitely more remains to be done. Hitherto the public have responded generously to the appeals on behalf of this beneficent work, and especially to the special appeals for motor ambulances and the equipment of hospital beds. But who can foresee the duration of this terrible struggle? Who can measure the suffering which remains to be assuaged?

"It is a great and noble task to which the society has put its hand. Splendidly has it supplemented the work of the Royal Army Medical Department in the field. So practical, so thorough, and so efficient has been the assistance rendered that the War Office has warmly welcomed and invited the willing co-operation of this fine body. Who is the man or woman tomorrow that will not give, and give freely and generously, in furtherance of such a cause?

"No less thorough than the organization in the field and at the base hospitals is that which is apparent at home. A visit to the offices in Pall-Mall bears testimony to the fact. There is no waste there. The money subscribed is carefully administered, and the arduous task of organization is performed by men and women of eminence, who accept no pay for what they regard as a labor of love. Everywhere there is evidence of a forethought born of affection, everywhere an absorbing desire to render public service."

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ADDITIONAL NURSES DEPART

TEN additional enrolled American Red Cross trained nurses, each one American born, sailed for France February 20. Nine of them have been detailed on important work at Yvetot and one goes to Paris. Six of the ten speak French.

The names of the nurses sent to Yvetot, their home addresses and the hospitals and schools with which they have been identified, follow:

Miss Virginia Anderburg, New York City, graduate Presbyterian Hospital, New York; Miss Josephine Ashmead Clay, The Margrave, 20th and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, Pa., graduate of the University of Pennsylvania Hospital; Miss Helen M. Spalding, 147 Pierrepont street, Brooklyn, N. Y., graduate Long Island College Hospital and connected with the Brooklyn Department of Health; Miss Mary M. Fletcher, Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., graduate Allegheny General Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., and formerly Superintendent Martha Jefferson Hospital, Charlottesville, Va.; Miss Mary K. Nelson, Highland Hospital, Fall River, Mass., graduate Union Hospital, Fall River, and Superintendent of Nurses, Highland Hospital; Miss Margaret H. Patterson, 1830 Sixth avenue, North Birmingham, Alabama., graduate Asheville Mission Hospital, Asheville, N. C.; Miss Frances F. Van Ingen, 311 Cumberland street, Brooklyn, N. Y., graduate Brooklyn Hospital, formerly Head Nurse, Surgical Ward, State and County Hospital, St. Paul, Minn., anaesthetist; Miss Matilda Jane MacCracken, Protestant Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., graduate of that hospital, Supervisor, Women's Ward; Miss Marion McCune Rice, Brattleboro, Vt., graduate Pennsylvania Hospital, Head Nurse Pennsylvania Hospital, specialist in suture work.

The nurse detailed for Paris is Miss Katharine Lilly, Rockefeller Foundation, 61 Broadway, New York City, a graduate of Lakeside Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio.

MORE SURGEONS GO ABROAD

Three American Red Cross surgeons left for Europe in February. They were Drs. Earl B. Downer, of Lansing, Mich., who will reinforce American Red Cross units at Gevgalia, Servia, and James E. Stowers, of Kansas Ctiy, Mo., and E. L. Gilcreest, of Gainesville, Texas, who take the places of two of the American surgeons in the Paignton, England, hospital.

Dr. Downer is a graduate of Michigan Agricultural College, where he had two years military training, and of the Ohio Medical College, and he has taken post graduate work in the Harvard University Medical Department, the New York Post Graduate School and the Army Medical School in Washington. For five years he was instructor in clinical surgery at the Starling, Ohio, Medical College, now the Medical Department of the Ohio State University. He has had four years of general practice in a railroad district, heavily surgical, and has specialized in surgery for the past three and a half years.

Dr. Stowers is a graduate of Johns Hopkins Medical Department, was House Officer on Surgery in the St. Agnes Hospital, Baltimore, Md., for eighteen months, and has had a year of surgical experience in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, Canada.

Dr. Gilcreest is a graduate of the University of Texas, of the Medical Department of Johns Hopkins, has had active hospital service under Dr. Crile, of Cleveland, under Professor von Hacker, at the University of Graz, Austria, and in the University of Heidelberg, Germany, and later served in the Servian Red Cross at Kragoujevatz, Servia, during the Balkan war.

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THESE HALFTONE ENGRAVINGS SHOW (1) THE 17 LIGHT MOTOR AMBULANCES GIVEN BY YALE AND HARVARD UNIVERSITIES, AND (2, 3, and 4) THE U. S. ARMY MEDICAL CORPS DEMONSTRATING THE USE OF THEM (see opposite page)

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YALE AND HARVARD'S GIFTS

SOMETHING altogether unique in European war relief contributions from the United States are seventeen light motor ambulances which have just been shipped abroad by the American Red Cross. Twelve of them were contributed by the students of Yale University and five by the students of Harvard.

These ambulances are being distributed as follows: three Yales and one Harvard to England, three Yales and one Harvard to France, three Yales and one Harvard to Germany, three Yales and one Harvard to Austria, and one Harvard to Belgium. Two additional ambulances of the same type are now under construction as a special war relief donation through the Red Cross from a private source.

The bodies of the machines are mounted on Ford chasses. From the front of the driver's seat to the rear step the measurement is seven feet, six inches, while the width across the stretcher compartment is five feet, five inches. Provision is made for carrying two men, and there is ample room to accommodate a third man on the floor of the vehicle. The tops of the cars are covered with khaki-colored canvas, with side, front and rear curtains made of the same material. On a white background in the middle of each side of each ambulance is a large Red Cross, about which in circular design is painted "The American Red Cross" and the motto of the Red Cross, "Neutrality—Humanity."

On the bodies of the Yale cars in Yale blue is the legend, "From Yale University Students," while on the bodies of the Harvard cars in crimson is the sign, "From Harvard University Students."

The earnest desire of the students of these two big universities to give substantial aid to the European war sufferers in this form has awakened interest in United States Army circles in light ambulances of this variety. The machines are so constructed that they will stand rough usage, and may be moved about quickly in almost any kind of country. Army regulation stretchers are part of the equipment.

In view of the known dearth of facilities of this character in the battle-zone of Europe, it may be safely said that the Yale and Harvard ambulances will prove a means of saving many lives and mitigating much suffering. Former President Taft was chairman of the Yale war relief committee.

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(Gascon of the Sixth)

GASCON HAD HER IN HIS ARMS

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GASCON of the SIXTH

The European War Experience of an American Woman Told by Her to and Written Substantially as She told it

by WILLIAM HARPER DEAN

FOR the sake of "higher education" I have been living abroad these three years. Just a few weeks ago I returned to America. Today I feel that I have accomplished more than I ever dreamed of doing through the medium of art schools and conservatories. And "The Angel" did this for me.

She was just a little French maid who helped around the rooms while I was living *en pension* in the little town of Valence, whose countryside is a land of vineyards and plenty. I called her "The Angel" because of her eyes. I might as well not attempt to describe them, nor the days and events before August last when "The Angel" taught me the real meaning of life and love and how to catch the vibration of a human heart.

"Tomorrow — tomorrow he leaves," she was sobbing on that memorable August morning. I remember how hot it was—how still outdoors. "Gascon—my Gascon goes with his guns in the morning!" and "The Angel" threw aside her veil of rank and buried her pretty head on my shoulder.

"But he will come back," I soothed. "You know, little angel, they say the war will not last until the leaves turn—then it will all be over! Now cheer up and let's go on the streets—it will do you good."

She dried her tears and came with me. The little narrow streets of Valence were deserted. Sometimes we thought we heard a great shout down on the military square where at night the silver-tongued band of the Sixth Artillery was accustomed to play. So we hurried on, but we were brought up on the corner by an armed sentry. He shook his head and smiled at "The Angel." I suppose he knew her through Gascon's barracks confidences.

"Not now—perhaps tomorrow," he said to her in French. "In the morning is the mobilization and the artillery is making ready. Tomorrow after 10 then perhaps you can go and come, but not now."

"And Gascon—?"

The sentry laughed. "Oh, Gascon will see you in the morning."

And without a word the little creature turned and ran back like the wind. I walked back slowly and did not see her again that day.

But late that night after I had gone to bed and after the wonderful scene on the military square when Valence embraced her soldier men while the bands played and the crowds shrieked "The Marseillaise," I heard "The Angel" patter down the stairs from her little room above. I heard a smothered exclamation under my window, and knew that Gascon had her in his arms.

On that Sunday morning they left. I watched the artillery clatter and rumble through the little streets that were lined with fathers and mothers and daughters and sons and sweethearts. I watched their caissons and trim little "75's" go by all decked with green branches and wreathes and tricolors—mute emblems of Valence's farewell. It looked like a procession of green-decked floats. Like a gala day parade—almost. It was the procession of Mars.

I watched the cannoneers throw kisses to the girls in the windows; watched them catch the little bundles of cigarettes thrown to them by loving hands; heard them burst forth into "The Marseillaise" and "Marche Loraine." Somewhere in

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that procession was Gascon; somewhere in that crowd on the curbing stood "The Angel."

Then came the days of bated breath. It was almost as though we waited for the crash of Valence's "75's" out there on the front. There were the silent groups around the official bulletins that said so little and yet so much. There were rumors of great victories and rumors of defeats. Yet Valence was quiet—as though the populace had with one accord left for the vineyards to gather the ripening harvest, rather than waited to hear how fared her soldier men in the ghastly orgy called war.

Each night a sentry tramped beneath my window and his sharp "Qui vive!" would bring me with a bound from bed to peep from my window to the dimly lighted street below. Sometimes "The Angel" would steal down and beg to sleep with me: it was so still and horrible up there in her little room under the eaves.

"Listen!" she whispered one night when I thought she had cried herself to sleep on my shoulder.: "Listen! Do you hear that? They are coming!"

I listened. It must have been close to dawn for the air was chill and the cocks were crowing. Suddenly there came a strange sound—a hissing, shuffling of feet dragging through the streets. A sharp, quick order in French, and we were out of bed and peering below. A shapeless something was moving past. I was conscious of an indescribable odor that came up from it.

"They're men—from the trenches—wounded men!" chattered "The Angel" into my ear. And then without warning she screamed "Gascon!"

A hoarse voice called up in French: "There are no Frenchmen here—just wounded prisoners."

The scuffling, scraping feet passed. Then the shapeless wagons and carts that rumbled and creaked and stank. These were the wounded who could not walk. They came and came. Surely there had been a great battle and the war must soon be over. I whispered as much to the little creature who was trembling in a chill of agony at my side.

"But Gascon—he might be dead!" she whispered.

I led her back to bed.

Today it all seems like the vivid flash of a monstrous dream—how the men came back to Valence; the dapper, immaculate artillerymen who had driven away on their guns decked green as for a gala day. And there came men who had never been quartered in Valence—haggard French infantrymen from the trenches; bearded, bloody Germans whose stolid countenances betrayed no sign of the aches that must have been in their stout hearts.

I fell into the habit of talking with them whenever I could. At such times I was in the hospitals. For now they brought in prisoners and wounded in the late night. And now Valence was filled to overflowing with the handiwork of war. The orphan asylum and the schools were hospitals. Troopers came each day to ask for beds and sheets and what not. They never had to commandeer such things. Valence gave as freely of its inanimate things as it had given of its youth.

I saw these men from the trenches with weeks of beard growth on their mud-caked faces. They were too far spent to care. Their beards and very eyebrows were caked with it. Their uniforms were crusted hard. They told me of the water in the trenches, of the cold at dawn, of filth and misery beyond human words. But horrible irony—they smiled as they spoke of such things.

With "The Angel" I looked for Gascon in the hospitals and asked for him. No, his battery had not suffered as yet. Surely he was well and sound. And so the little creature began to smile and sing as she went the rounds with me. Surely there was something I could do for these people! I volunteered for hospital work, but the officers merely thanked me and smiled. They had nurses and surgeons enough now. But I might help make bandages at home and—yes,—I might take a few little comforts to the wounded.

So this gave us something to do. "The Angel" would rip skirts that I could give and then we would cut them up into

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bandages. All Valence—and all Europe, too,—thought it would be over before the leaves turned; and suddenly the men needed woolens to keep them from freezing. And then all Europe went to knitting. "The Angel" knew how; I didn't. Somehow "higher education" had never listed knitting in its curriculum.

I remember one day when we two went into some of the wards. I should not have taken her there. Before us stretched a man on his stomach his white fingers clutching the sheets in a tenseness of unspeakable agony. In that manner he had lain in the water-filled trenches, firing. A shrapnel shell from the other side had burst squarely above him. His entire back had been torn away. That night he died.

There were men who tried to smile at us when they had no lips to smile with. There were men who had seen the light of day for the last time when a bullet troweled out both their eyes; and men who were mere pulsing trunks of human beings who a few weeks before had sung their anthems and blown kisses to the girls lining the curbs.

There was a mute appeal in the eyes of a mere boy of a Teuton. "The Angel" interpreted it.

"That man," she whispered—"he wants cigarettes."

We bought them and got permission to distribute them. Now I have seen the look in men's eyes when a nurse would attend to their needs, and I have seen them when somebody spoke a kind word into their ears, but I have never seen the gratitude that lit up those faces drawn with suffering when we gave them cigarettes. In the courtyard the convalescing French and Germans mingled freely. It was there that "The Angel" and I went often. To this day I have yet to see one of those smoke-hungry men who would take more than one cigarette when we proffered a handful.

Already there were no rents being collected in Valence, and the wives of men at the front were receiving their pittances from the Government. The contingents of fresh troops came, remained for a night and went away. But always the wounded came and stayed.

Yet Gascon did not come, and "The Angel" had ceased to smile. She would stand about the bulletin board and slip into the hospitals to talk with the men who must have known something about the fortunes of Gascon's battery. But it was always the same answer: They did not know the whereabouts of Valence's "75's," but they were sure that the little guns were safe.

When the reeking, shambling lines of wounded would pass under my window and when the rumbling carts would follow, "The Angel" was at my side. Sometimes in a moment of anguish she would scream out his name. And whenever she did this something altogether new and terrible went through me.

"Now listen, dear," I would say. "Just suppose Gascon is wounded. In his knapsack there is a little kit with iodine and cotton and bandages. He could take care of himself until the surgeons came, maybe." Then he would be sent here to get well. You and I would go to see him every day and take him little tarts and cigarettes and —"

Something in the child's face made me stop to realize how utterly empty was my speech. Something in her wonderful big eyes made me put my arm about her and draw her close.

"Tell me," I whispered. "You have something to tell me?"

"Six weeks—six weeks it was before that terrible August day," she sobbed, "we were married."

I had seen something of life at last. I understood now that Gascon was not merely a sweetheart. I knew at last the ache in that little heart that waited for some word from him. I had seen agony of the bitterest essence.

Each day she would let her childish eyes grow larger and look away to the Northeast where Gascon was reeling in that death orgy. Sometimes she seemed to listen as though she heard the ringing crash of his gun. Then she would turn to me.

"I cannot understand," she would say. "Those men—they are flesh and blood. Do you think ever, lady, how long it was before they could walk and how tenderly their mothers suckled them to bring them to manhood. And see

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them in the wards—all that love and labor undone—for what? Oh, I love France—but—but," she finished with a quivering sob, "I love Gascon, too!"

There came the final night when a sentry, the sentry who had stopped us on the street that still, hot morning in August, rapped on the door and asked for her. I heard her patter down the stairs and heard him speak to her. I heard the little scream that went up from her to God. And late that night I bathed her head while she muttered about the cold, wet trenches where Gascon had fallen. How cold and damp it must be where they had buried him—why could not he be brought to her—to his wife, that she might tell him about the baby that would come before another spring had greened the trees that were now bare!

It was late fall when I left little Valence and the sweet child who had taught me something of life. The war was at its height—is now! Men are lying in those human hogwallows and dyeing the mud with their blood. I cannot say that I have grasped the great horror in its entirety. I doubt if any of us has a mind so elastic as to do that. But I can say that I have seen and felt and heard enough to teach me the elements that enter into the suffering and chaos in that land. The little wife who, if she lives, will bear a living token of her love for her slain mate has taught me these things.

I called her Angel? Yes; but now I know that her name is Legion.

ROUGH ON HER BROTHER

A Grand Duchess, one of the sisters of the Czar of all the Russias, was doing dressings and serving food to the wounded at a railroad station, writes Dr. Edward H. Egbert, surgeon director of American Red Cross work in Kiev, Russia. Her identity was concealed. While showing some attentions to one of the wounded men, she took occasion to tell him it was her great desire to go nearer the front and to be of greater service in her mission of mercy.

"However," she remarked, "my mother and brother will not allow me to go."

Not knowing who she was, the soldier said, "It is all right to mind your mother's command, little girl, but you may tell your brother for me to go to the devil."

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OPINION AND COMMENT

And she whom once the semblance of a scar
Appalled, an owlet's larum chilled with dread—
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

—*Byron.*

UNRELENTING VIGOR IN EUROPEAN EFFORTS

With over 200 splendid American surgeons and enrolled Red Cross trained nurses distributed impartially throughout Europe's great area of sanguinary and unabating strife, and with many large cargoes of medical and surgical supplies and warm clothing for the destitute non-combatants distributed and being distributed, the European war relief activities of the American Red Cross are being pushed vigorously and untiringly.

Nine hospitals are now in complete charge of the American Red Cross personnel in the belligerent countries, and gratifying reports continue to come in a steady stream to Red Cross headquarters in Washington telling of their humanitarian accomplishments.

Ten additional enrolled Red Cross nurses sailed for France February 20, to be assigned to duty in a military hospital at Yvetot and in Paris. Three American Red Cross surgeons also were sent abroad during the past month, two of them to take the places of surgeons who are to be relieved and one to reinforce our two hospital units at Gevgalia, Servia.

Several heavy shipments of relief supplies to the various belligerent countries were made during the past month.

PATRIOTISM IS SHOWN BY AMERICANS ABROAD

Among the thousands of contributions to the American Red Cross European war relief fund a number have come from very remote places outside of the United States. Groups of Americans living in Bombay, India, and Seoul, Korea, and some foreigners in the latter place, have forwarded generous drafts through the American Consuls General to Red Cross headquarters. In each of these instances the manner of administering the relief funds was left to the discretion of the Red Cross.

Such contributions are particularly pleasing, because they show that Americans residing far removed from their native land think of their own official relief organization in distressing times like these. It is undoubtedly a patriotic manifestation.

A number of outlying possessions of the United States like Hawaii and Alaska, have forwarded relief funds to the Red Cross.

POOR WOMEN AT HOME PAID FOR RELIEF WORK

A phase of the European war relief work of the American Red Cross which is giving genuine satisfaction at headquarters is the employment of needy women and girls by our chapters and branches in the making of hospital garments, bandages and gauze pads for sick and wounded soldiers and sailors, and warm wearing apparel for destitute women and children in the war territory. This practice has been a means of materially helping many otherwise unemployed and dependent persons in the United States.

In Chicago alone in the Red Cross work room opened as an adjunct to the emergency employment bureau of the Chicago Woman's Club last November, some two hundred women, ranging in age from eighteen to seventy-five years, have been employed at a wage of $1 a day. In most cases these women and girls were so situated that they could not be given employment by regular

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employment bureaus, and a majority of them were middle-aged women of family.

ACCEPTANCE OF MEDALS IS DISCOUNTENANCED

The officials of the American Red Cross take the position that the organization is decidedly impersonal in character; that the identity and personality of those actively engaged in administering its affairs are merged into it, and that its representatives who are abroad in connection with European relief operations are merely indirect agents of the American people, whose generosity and sympathy make it possible for the Red Cross to send them to the scenes of distress.

For these reasons and in view of the fact that foreign sovereigns in the past have seen fit to bestow upon American Red Cross workers certain decorations and medals of honor, General Davis, chairman of the Central Committee, has addressed to the American ambassadors and other diplomatic representatives, as well as to the surgeon directors of the dozen or more American Red Cross hospital units which are scattered throughout the European war zone, a letter which pointedly discourages the giving or the accepting of such honorary tokens.

Prior to the dispatching of this letter certain of the American Red Cross personnel in Europe had medals bestowed upon them by the governments to which they are assigned.

"I am writing," says General Davis' letter to the diplomatic corps, "in the hope that should you learn of any such proposal you will kindly let it be known as coming from the Central Committee of the American Red Cross that they hope that no personal decoration or testimonial will be offered to any individual connected with our Red Cross.

"Our organization is an impersonal one and our efforts are always promoted by motives of sympathy for all who suffer, irrespective of nationality or creed. The individuals composing the organization and its officers are simply the agents of the national society, into which their personality is merged. Such assistance as may be rendered is accomplished by means of the contributions of the American people."

General Davis himself lately was tendered from abroad a medal for his Red Cross services, "but," says he, in a letter to the American Red Cross doctors now in Europe, "I have had no difficulty in finding a way to decline the same without in any way wounding the sensibilities of those who proposed the gift.

"The Red Cross Central Committee hopes that should any of the doctors and nurses serving the Red Cross abroad have tendered to them any such gift or decoration, they will, of course, express the proper appreciation of the intended compliment, but insist that they are only discharging their duty—simply what they were employed by the American Red Cross to perform for the American people—and ask the favor of permission to decline."

MORE WAR IS SOUGHT BY A CORRESPONDENT

From a correspondent living on a rural free delivery route in Iowa, who seemingly is much interested in the gentle art of fisticuffs, the editor of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE has received a highly flattering letter. It is urged that we use our good offices to arrange a bout between Al Reich and Eddie McCoorty and another between Charlie White and Freddie Dyer.

"Also," says the letter, "can you get Freddie Welsh a championship contest to take place in Japan?"

As our First Aid Department has its hands more than full just now, and as Japan is too distant to be visited in these busy times, we have decided to have absolutely nothing to do with promoting the warlike encounters proposed. Furthermore, it happens that we have yet to enjoy a proper introduction to the several gentlemen named.

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